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S a m C o w e l l ' s
budget from Yankee
land

London

[18--]

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Note : Cover title.

Note : At head of title: The real great sensation song book.

Note : Running title: New and favourite songs.

Note : Running title also appears as: New and favorite songs.

Note : "Containing the cream of the immortal Sam Cowell's renowned English and American comic songs, as now being sung by that celebrated artist at the 'Canterbury' and 'Oxford' music halls."

Note : Without music.

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The Real Great Sensation Song Book!

SAM COWELL'S BUDGET From Yankee Land !

CONTAINING THE CREAM OF THE IMMORTAL SAM COWELL'S RENOWNED ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COMIC SONGS, AS NOW BEING SUNG BY THAT CELEBRATED ARTIST AT THE "CANTERBURY" AND "OXFORD" MUSIC HALLS.

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I'D CHOOSE TO BE A DAISY

LAUGHING SONG

Anna Maria Jones

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THE STANDARD BEARER

HAPPY DAYS OF YORE

MINNIE MOORE

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GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART

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WILL YOU TRUST ME THEN A?

NOW

BONNY LIGHT HORSEMAN

THE ENGLISHMAN

BILLY TAYLOR

BABY HOUSE

THE LAMENT

THE CHUMMY'S WEDDING

Buy my Images

London: Pattie, 31 Paternoster-row

Oh! 'tis jovial sport on a moonless night,
To snare the deer in his rapid flight;
There is no venison half so good,
As the gipsy takes from the stirless wood
When game comes slow, with a farm-yard near.
We know not what 'tis to want good cheer;
While the good dame mourns for her cackling
crew. [dow]
We feast through the night till the morning
Fal-lal-lal-lal, &c.

OH! BID ME NOT FORGET THEE

An Original Song, written by Mr. W. S.
Cotterell, and sung by Mr. Price.

AIR.—“I'll not throw away the flower.”

Oh! bid me not forget thee,
Sweet maid, beyond compare,
Since the hour I first met thee,
Thou fairest of the fair,
My heart hath known Love's power,
And will ever changeless be,
Like the sunshine to the flower;
Hath been thy smile to me.
Though my hopes may clouded seem, love,
I'll love thee but the more,
And still I'll fondly dream, love,
Of happier days in store,
In vain I'd try to flee, love,
No joy my heart beguiles,
My life belongs to thee, love,
I live but in thy smiles.

THE DINING GENTLEMAN.

I'm call'd "The dining gentleman,
That lives at number two;"
As if it were a sin to dine
As other people do.
I never walk in Oxford-street,
But folks do turn about,
And whisper, "There's a beef-eater!"
That gentleman dines out!
That gentleman dines out!
Tis true I'm fond of company,
And love a glass of wine;
Yet once a-year, off beef and ham,
I ask a friend to dine.
But else, at home I'm rarely seen,
And why this mighty rout?
You would not have a man dine *IN*,
When he's invited *OUT*.
I've got a pocket-almanack,
With date, and day, and line;
And every morning, when I wake,
I look where I'm to dine.
I'm three days in the City book'd,
And four for the West End;
With here and there a lunch between,
With some *NO* dining friend.

On Monday, with Sir William C.,

Off turtle and sirloin;

On Tuesday, in the Poultry,
Off chickens, and pig's chine.

On Wednesday, at Fishmonger's Hall,

Off fish, with Sheriff N.,

And lawyers—squat and gudgeon grass—
True eastern dining men.

On Thursday, with Squire Weatheral,

Who suppers all the seasons;

On Friday, with Judge Muddlebrains,

Off roasted eggs and raisins.

On Saturday, with actress S.,

I play a knife and fork;

On Sunday, with Sly Moses,

Silly take a slice of pork.

In short, I'm like an omnibus,—

Five stages everywhere;

And though my friends invite me *OUT*,

I get an *IN*side fare.

Thus I'm call'd "The dining gentleman,

That lives at number two;"

As if it were a sin to dine,

As other people do.

THE YALLER BUSHA BELLE.

As I walk'd out one moonlight night,
I met a fair maid and her eyes shone bright;
Her face was so black dat you couldn't see it
well,

An' she was called de "Yaller Busha Belle."

Says I, "Miss Dinah, may I walk wid ye?"

What do you tink was de answer she gib me?

Spoken.—Says she, "Ha! ha!"

"Go'way, black man, don't you cum a-nigh me,

Burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die me.

Go'way black man, don't you cum a-nigh me,

Burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die me."

To my radi-ink a day! oh, radi-ink a day!

Lubly nigger seed her eat a pumpkin all
the day."

Dat she should be so dignified, I didn't like
to see, [knee];

"Case I is de fancy nigger from de elbow to de

"I never see a black gal dat I could like so well

So I splash my 'fections on to you, my Yaller

Busha Belle.

So cum, Miss Dinah, may I walk wid ye?"

Still de same answer de lady she gib me.

Spoken.—She says to me in zactly de same tone ob
voice as before, only dipperent—

"Go'way, black man, don't you cum a-nigh me

Burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die me,

Go'way, black man, don't you cum a-nigh me,

Burn you wid a chunk, if I don't blue die me."

To my radi-ink a day, radi-ink a day,

I neber see a yaller gal could make me
run away.

We didn't talk much longer, for down de
rain did fell,

So in a minute I put up my cotton umberrell.
"Miss Dinah, now I axes you to lean upon
dis arm.

And I pledge my solemn appetite I don't mean
you no harm.

So cum, young lady, may I walk wid ye?"
Dis time a dipperent answer she gib me.

Spoken.—You see de rain was coming down tolerably
fuss-like; so she says to me—

"Cum 'way, black man, I'll go 'long wid you
now— [now,

Hold up your umberrella, or I'll get wet trough
Cum 'way, black man, I'll go 'long wid you now
Hold up your umberrella, or I'll get wet
trough now.

To my radi-ink a day, radi-ink a day,
I calculate dis nigger he can steal de hearts
away."

Well, we walk'd 'way togedder, and I don't
know what I said,

But de subjec' ob matrimony pop into my head.
All dat pass between us I'm not goin' to tell,
But de nex' day I was married to my Yaller
Busha Belle.

Went to a nigger parson on purpose to be wed.
When he ax de lady's name, what you tink
she said;

Spoken.—Da parson said unto her, says he, "Am
you perfectly willing to enter into de 'oly state ob hem-
lock wid dis nigger; to lub, cherish, an' obey dis han-
sum nigger—dat was me, you know, an' she says—

"Why, go 'way, black man, don't you cum
a-nigh me. [me.

I'll burn you wid a chunk, if I don't blue die
Why, go 'way black man, don't you cum
a-nigh me, [me."

I'll burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die
To my radi-ink a day, radi-ink a day,
I fill'd wid 'stonishment enough to turn a
nigger grey. [wild,

About twelve months arter dat I tought I'd go
When my lady gib to me a little male child;
He was black as any crow, only jus' a trifle
bigger,

I 'clare I neber seed such a sweet little nigger
But my Yaller Busha Belle, my young and
lubly bride, [she died.

She didn't lib much longer 'case de next day

Spoken.—She called me to her bedside and said—
"Go 'way, black man, don't you cum a-nigh
me, [die me."

I'll burn you wid a chunk, if I don't blue die
Why, "Go 'way, black man, don't you cum
a-nigh me, [me."

I'll burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die
To my radi ink a day, radi-ink a day,
I 'clar I nearly broke my heart to put her
in de clay.

JOE MUGGINS,

Parody on "Lord Lovel."

Joe Muggins he stood by his old donkey cart,
Brushing his old blaak moke,
When down came his lady love, Sally Bell,
And thus to her Muggins she spoke, spoke,
spoke,

And thus to her Muggins, &c.

Oh, where are you going, Joe Muggins, she
said,

Oh where are you going, said she?
I'm going my scrumptious Sally Bell,
To Smiffied, to sell my donkey, key, key.
To Smiffied, to sell, &c

When will you be back, Joe Muggins, she said,
When will you be back, said she,
'Bout half past five, or six at the most,
So get me a bloater for tea.

So get me, &c.

Now, he'd only gone, 'bout a couple of hours,
To Smithfield, and sold his donkey,
When the thought of the bloater came into
his head.
I hope it's soft roe, said he, he, he.
I hope it's a soft, &c.

So he walk'd and he walk'd on the marrow-
bone stage,
'Till he com'd to the fam'd Rose & Crown;
Where he saw his young woman stretch'd out
on the floor, [round.
And the people all fighting around, around,
And the people, &c.

Then he sent for two boxes of Morison's pills,
And her throat twenty-six he rammed down;
Saying, you won't get drunk in a hurry again,
As the pills she kept swallowing down,
down, down. As the pills, &c.

Sally died all thro' taking the pills, so they say,
Which made Joey shiver with fright,
So he swallow'd six dozen without delay,
And gave up the ghost that night, night,
And gave up, &c.

Joe Muggins was buried that very next day,
And Sally, in less than a week;
When out of her ashes a carrot there grew,
And out of his bosom a leak, leak, leak.
And out of his, &c.

Now, they grew, and they grew, to the top of
the grave,

When they wasn't let grow any more,
For down they was cut to season the soup,
That was given away to the poor, poor, poor.
That was given away, &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS

The Captain

As Sung by Mlle. Johanna Claussen.

As they marched through the town with their
banners so gay,
I ran to the window to hear the band play;
I peeped through the blind very cautiously then
Lest the neighbours should say I was looking at
the men.

Oh! I heard the drums beat and the music so
sweet

But my eyes at the time caught a much greater
treat.

The troop was the finest I ever did see
And the captain with his whiskers took a sly
glance at me.

When we met at the ball I of course thought
'twas right.

To pretend that we never had met before that
night;

But he knew me at once I could see by his glance
And I hung down my head when he asked me
to dance

Oh! he sat by my side, at the end of the set,
And the sweet words he spoke I shall never
forget

For my heart was enlisted and could not get free,
As the captain with his whiskers took a sly
glance at me.

But he marched from the town and I saw him no
more,

Yet I think of him oft, and the whiskers he wore
I dream all the night and I talk all the day.

Of the love of a captain who has gone far away.
I remember with super-abundant delight

When we met in the street, and we danced all
the night,

And kept in my mind how my heart jumped with
glee

As the captain with his whiskers took a sly
glance at me.

The Adventures Of Robinson Crusoe

Written by J. W. Roe—Sung by Sam Cowell,

W. L. Edmonds, &c.

Music at Addison and Holliers.

The sea was calm and the wind was still.
Not enough of the latter to turn a mill,

And the sky above was bright,
When Robinson Crusoe, advent'rous man,

His very disastrous voyage began—
His heart was happy and light.

But a breeze sprung up and they furl'd each sail
And Robinson looked uncommonly pale

As the ship pitched to and fro;
Poor Crusoe was not a fellow-de-sea,
But it made him feel as it always does me,
And he staggered below.

The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed,
Over the ship the billows dashed,

And they fired a gun of distress.
But this was only a waste of powder,

Though the gun was loud the waves roared
louder,

They were all in a precious mess.

Breakers ahead, down with the boat,
With that heavy load she'll never float.
See, already she's swamped by that wave;
And now on that dreadful, half-hidden rock,
The ship has struck with a splitting shock,
And sinks to her watery grave.

Poor Robinson got on a bit of a mast,
And 'Devotee' like resolved to 'keep fast,'
As long as his hands would hold;
But soon alas! he was forced to let go.
The raging waves did buffet him so,
And he felt so terribly cold.

Crusoe tried in vain to swim
Poor young Crusoe, poor young Crusoe,
The briny waves so bruised him;
Poor young Crusoe, poor young Crusoe:
At last when he could try no more,
Poor young Crusoe, poor young Crusoe,
The billows cast him on the shore.
Poor young Crusoe, poor young Crusoe.

By the sad sea side he was wandering all alone,
And humming o'er a stave in a sort of undertone
He walks on, ah! what is it makes him stare?
What makes him look so grave, by the sad sea
wave?

What foot is that upon my land?
A corn upon that toe, who has been setting corn
in sand,

'Tis bootless, I must go!

Some days had passed when looking out,
It almost drove him to insanity,
He saw a savage motley group, assembled to dis-
cuss humanity:
One of the subjects of debate not wishing to re-
main,

Slipped off his bonds, away he cut, but didn't
come again,
He ran and left the spot, don't deem him un-
genteel,

He wished not, though in the 'flower' of youth,
to be dispatched for 'meal';

When he saw Crusoe coming near—

He was in a dreadful stew:

He kneeled and kissed his feet in fear,—

Said Crusoe, "Who are you?"

But the poor luckless wight (unhappy black)
A knowledge of the English tongue did lack,
He looked up though as if he would eutreat him
To pity, and at all events, not eat him.

Friday with Crusoe here lived many a day,
And though he toiled he had his hours of play.
A dance he taught his master, we might call
A sort of native polka 'Cannibale.'

At length when they began to tire of this hum-
drum dull existence,

One morning early they espied a large ship in
the distance.

'Twas bound for Crusoe's native land;

And the Captain said with a grin—

Although he didn't wish to cheat—

He'd try to take both in.

Now they sail, with the gale, Robinson Crusoe
and Friday, oh!

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS

I'd Choose to be a Daisy

Popular New Song. Sung by the Buckley Serenaders.

I'd choose to be a daisy,
If I might be a flower—
My petals closing softly,
At twilight's silent hour;
And waking in the morning,
When falls the early dew
To welcome Heaven's bright sunshine,
And Heaven's bright tear-drops too.

CHORUS.

I'd choose to be a daisy,
If I might be a flower—
My petals closing softly,
At twilight's silent hour.

I love the gentle lily,
It looks so meek and fair
But daisies I love better
For they grow everywhere;
The lilies bloom so sadly,
In sunshine or in shower,
But the daisies still look upwards
However dark the hour,

CHORUS.

I'd choose to be a daisy, &c.

Laughing Song

Popular New Song. Sung by the Buckley Serenaders.

De niggers from the de souf,
Ha! ha!
Dey got such a great big mouth,
Ha! ha!
Dat dey cant sing at all
Ha! ha!
Dey can't sing at all.

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Niggers from the souf,
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Dey cannot shut dar mouth.

Wid de fiddle and de old banjo,
Ha! ha!
Wid de bones and de old tambo
Ha! ha!
Dars music in dem all.

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha, &c.

Wid a sugar and a whisky punch,
Ha; ha;
An a facinating little nigger wench,

Ha! ha!
We pass away de time,
Ha! ha!
We pass away de time.

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha, &c.

One evening at a ball,
Ha! ha!

A thick-lip wench so tall,
Ha! ha!

She fell in love wid me,
Ha! ha!

She fell in love wid me.

CHORUS.

Ha; ha! ha! ha! ha, &c.

Anna Maria Jones

Popular New Song. Sung by the Buckley Serenaders.

Ye colour'd people, 'sembled here,
Ge hide your 'minished heads,
I 'se got de prettiest yellow gal
Dat on dis green earth treads;
She plays de 'cordian, tamborine,
De banjo and de bones;
And all the modern improvements too
Has Anna Maria Jones.

CHORUS.

Anna Maria, Anna Maria,

Anna Maria Jones

Queen of de 'cordian, tamborine,

De banjo and de bones.

She dances just like Ellsler,
And when to a ball we go
She 'tracts all eyes to see her skip,
De light gymnastic toe
She sings too like Alboni,
And de music of her tones;
So like her own symphonious name,
Miss Anna Maria Jones,

CHORUS.

Anna Maria, Anne Maria &c.

She's all dis darky painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine,
But her heart it aint no other's
Kase I'm satisfied it's mine;
And every other 'tention she distinctly
disowns,
So it aint no use to sneak around
My Anna Maria Jones.

CHORUS.

Anna Maria, Anna Maria, &c.

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGENE.

CHANT.

Oh, I am going to sing you a story, which I suppose you all know?
At least it was told to me a very long time ago.
'Tis all about a young fellow, by name Alonzo,
And amongst the female population he was quite a beau!

Air—"Old English Gentleman."

Now this young swell a sweetheart had,
A fairer ne'er was seen—
She'd light blue eyes and flaxen hair,
And only seventeen.
And he was just turned twenty one,
And what we might call green,
To flop his young affections
On the faithless Imogene.
This foolish soft young gentleman,
The subject of our rhyme.

Air—"Guaracha."

Alonzo the brave and the fair Imogene,
Conversed as they sat side by side,
And squeezing her hand
(You know how I mean)
Said dearest dearest, wilt thou be my bride?

Air—"La Sonnambula."

Sounds so joyful, bliss revealing,
Chloroform-like o'er her senses stealing.
So she answers him, in tones of feeling—
Dearest Alonzo, you must ask my respectable
papa.

Air—"Sprig of Shilash."

Then away went Alonzo to seek the old man,
And to get his consent tried to hit on a plan,
By which he might marry the fair Imogene.
The wars they were on, the Baron was bold—
He'd once been a soldier but was now rather old.
So said he to Alonzo—If you will go there,
And join the brave army, I do not much care
If I grant you permission to wed Imogene.

And thus he sung or said—

I've just now seen your father and he says, my
dearest life—

If I'll be a soldier, why he'll let you be my wife.

Then good bye young Alonzo, I know you're
young and strong,

So go and be a soldier but do not stay too long.

But, ha, said the youth, since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,

Some other may court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand.

Oh, cease those suspicions, fair Imogene cried,
If e'er for another my heart should decide,

Forgetting Alonzo the brave,

hope, that to punish my falsehood and pride,

Your ghost at my wedding may sit by my side,
May tax me with purjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave.

Air—"Lord Lovel."

But he had not been gone but a year and a day,
To fight in a far country—

When a baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Came to ask her his spousy to be—be—be—
Came and asked her if she many'd he—he—he.

Air—"Kitty Clover."

Now this baron he certainly bothered her so,
Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh!
With him to the church she consented to go,
Which was very wrong you know.

The guests were invited, and every thing done.
The moments flew by with uproarious fun,
Till the bell of the castle at length tolled ONE;
Bow—wow—wow—wow—oh—oh—oh!
The guests in affright from the tables all run.
The reason you shall shortly know.

Air—"The Missette Bough."

A figure unearthly the hall up did glide,
And seated himself at fair Imogene's side;
His air was terrific, he uttered no sound,
He spoke not—he moved not—he gazed not
around;
His vizor was down, in black armour he shone,
And Imogene's features grew ghastly and wan.
The lights they burn blue, and the lady they say—
As 's usual in such cases—fainted away.
Oh, for poor Imogene's vow,
Poor Immy, you're in for it now.

This is what the ghost said—

Behold me—you told me—
You'd be true, and you've sold me,
List to your own broken vow.

Air—"Down among the dead men."

You hoped that to punish you're falsehood and pride
My ghost at your wedding should sit by your
side,
Might tax you with purjury, claim you as bride,
And bear you away to the grave beside.

Now since your oath you did forgo,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men you must go.

Air—"Billy Taylor."

New ladies all may take a moral,
From this doleful history,
When your lovers go fight for the warrior's laurel
Never give way to purjury.

Tid dy, tid dy, tol lol.

For in those days of table turning,
The tables may be turned on you.
And don't think ghosts can't be returning,
'Cause now I assure you they do.

Tid dy, tid dy, &c.

And if doubt on my tale you're throwing,
The original parties may be seen;
Just go and ask Mr. Robert Owen,
He called up Alonzo and Imogene.

Tid dy tid dy, &c.

BUY MY IMAGES.

Will you buy images? I images cry, I buy?
Very fine, very pretty, very cheap, will you
Poor Italiano him never in the glooms—
All sort images beautiful your rooms.

First one prima, Lord Byron head,
Byron live long time after him dead—
Love tales, poets, all very true one,

Everybody knows him, call Don Juan.

Will you buy images? I images cry,

Very fine, very pretty—cheap—will you buy?

Poor Italiano better laugh, as cry, I buy?

Will you buy images? very cheap, will you

Dis image one is Mister Shakspear,

Any prices charge, you not pays dear,

He go to High Park and steal a deer,

Him work play live more as two hundred year.

Every body know as take a de pains,

To go to Common Gardens, and Dreary Lanes,

He make a you laugh, and he make a you cry,

Often dey murder him, yet he never die.

Buy my images, &c.

Nex' image here dere come in de lot,

Very great novelist—name Walter Scott,

In prosa, in rima—never got greater,

Him Scott, too, by names and by nature,

So fas' make, libro—all write his own,

Fust was call him de large not known—

When discover himself—all delighted,

Jus' fore he die, he was to be knighted.

Buy my images, &c.

Dis image here was nobody spurn,

No other Scotch poet, you read Robert Burn,

Posta la natura—stombling how he burn,

Him write and song, wis fellow de plough.

Him when alive, Scotch clever confess,

So leave him starve and die on distress—

Now Scotch says wis Rational glow,

Burn! greatest genius world ever knows!

Buy my images, &c.

Dis de great Milton wis a bad wife cross,

So compose himself for Paradise Loss,

When wife dies, dat ease some pains,

So sit down to wrote Paradise Regains,

Him great scholars wis wonderful mind,

And see very clears wis eyes all blind—

No let him daughter learn Latin stuff,

One tongues for womans, him says tis enough.

Buy my images, &c.

Here Lord Nelson, Inglesse man-o-war,

Him beat Spain France, all both Trafalgar,

When him right arm de battle bereft,

Take sword tother, and fight wis left,

Defend Inghilterra wis wooden wall,

Die wis victory, bury him Saint Paul,

Forty years after dey finds him loss,

May de grand monument up Charing Cross.

Buy my images, &c.

Look a dis images, dis nex' one,

Capitano Generale de Lord Wellington,

Him fight Buonaparte—beat him too,

And make fas' run 'way from Waterloo.

Great as a Roman was he to de foes,

Every body knows him well by's nose.

Every body tries, what ever body's nose,

De greatest man livings alive dis days.

Buy my images, &c.

Dis Prince Albert, and try all you cans,

You shall never found such a nice young

man—

Queen fall in love wis him, make stir,

Him Amantissimo fall in love's her,

Soon maritatos—den he kneel down,

Queen give Prince Albert wis half a crown,

Wis thirtys thousand a year business,

For nothing but out wis queen to ride.

Buy my images, &c.

Now finitissimo, nex' one seen,

Dis fair Victoria, Old England Queen,

Got two royal babbies ready for store,

Every years mend make one little more.

Best lady for Queen, ever could known,

Reign peoples heart, and grace Ingles:

throno—

Buy dis images, be lealta seen,

You not want sovereign, God save de Queen,

Buy my images, &c.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a world-known name

Though 'tis but a little spot—

'Tis the first on the blazing scroll of Fame,

And who shall aver it is not?

Of the deathless ones who shine and live

In arms, in arts, in songs,

The brightest the whole wide world can give,

To that little land belong,

'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,

The island home of an Englishman,

'Tis the star, &c.

There's a star that comes over every sea,

No matter when or where—

And to treat that flag as aught but the free,

Is more than the strongest dare,

For lib spirits that tread the deck,

Have carried the palm of the brave,

And that flag may sink with a shot or a wreck,

But never float as a slave

It's honour is stainless, deny it who can—

The flag of a true-born Englishman,

'Tis the star, &c.

There's a heart that leaps with burning glow,

The wronged and the weak to defend—

And strikes as soon for a trampled foot

As it does for a soul-bound friend.

It nurtures a deep and honest love,

The passions of faith and pride,

And yearns with the fondness of a dove,

To the light of its own fireside.

'Tis a rich rough gem, deny it who can.

The heart of a true-born Englishman.

'Tis the star, &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Bonny Light Horseman

As sung by the Buckley Serenaders.

Music arranged by Franz Kraus.

You white folks and darkies now all pay attention,
Of a girl going to wander I will to you sing
She tore her fair hair and thus she distracted,
So piantiely sung by the side of a spring.

Broken-hearted I wander,
For the loss of my lover
My bonny light horseman,
In the wars he was slain."

"It is four long years, since he left his own turtle-dove,
To fight for his country away far from me
Oh, he was the pride of his captain and officers,

Broken-hearted I wander,
For the loss of my lover &c

I'll take ship and sail to where slain was my lover,
And vengeance upon his cruel murderer's I'll crave
He was my delight and my own constant true-love,
I'll lay myself down and die on his cold grave.

Broken-hearted, I wander,
For the loss of my lover
My bonny light horseman,
In the wars he was slain.

Broken-hearted &c.

The Rugby Mystery

OR, THE ROMANCE OF HIGH LIFE.

Air—"Young Man was a Carpenter."

We have heard a great noise of the Yelverton case.

Of a certain Baron who got in disgrace,
Attempting his son's life created a fuss,
But the Rugby Romance is a precious sight worse,

A poor little infant but just ten days old,
By its inhuman father to a tramp hag was sold,
Though born to a fortune of 15,000 pounds,
Was dragged through the streets on this tramp's begging rounds.

Chorus.

This babe born to a fortune of thousands of pounds,
Was dragged through the streets on a tramp's begging rounds.

The mother, a lady, for her poor babe did fret,
Was grandchild to the famous Sir Francis Burdett,

She contracted a marriage in a far distant land,
And had the ill luck to give Rob Hill her hand.

A baby was born who the fortune would claim,
Hill register's the babe in a falsified name:

This babe lost or dead Hill would then make a dash,
In which case he'd collar the whole of the cash.

This babe, born &c.

For two years the poor mother lamented her child.

But by the artful husband was often beguil'd,
And when she craved to see it this hypocrite said,

"You will see babe no more for the poor thing is dead,"

But in due course of time the crime was found out.

For villains don't always know what they're about.

Now the crushers have got him, and as sure as a gun.

He'll soon have to answer for what he has done.

This child, &c.

In the Strand

For the last three week's I've been dodging,
A girl I know who has a lodging.

In the Strand, in the Strand;
The first thing that put my heart in a flutter
Was a Balmoral boot as she crossed the gutter.

I wish I was Nancy oh! heigho,
In a second floor for evermore
To live and die with Nancy.

A pork-pie hat with a little feather,
A new knickerbocker for the dirty weather.

In the Strand, in the Strand;
Some pretty petticoats too she'd got them,
Trim'd with embroidery round the bottom
In the Strand, in the Strand.

One night as I was out for a run,
I saw my Nancy buying a bun

In the Strand, in the Strand;
I told my love and down did fall,

Slap on my knees by Exeter Hall,
In the Strand, in the Strand.

I pop'd the question neat and nobby,
When she said, "Get up here comes a Bobby,"

In the Strand, in the Strand;
But said she to me, "Don't look so blue,

For I'll marry you in a week or two,"
In the Strand, in the Strand.

I never shall forget the day,
When to Church we led the way

In the Strand, in the Strand;
The folks did laugh and some did sing,

I thought I'd done a tidy thing
In the Strand, in the Strand.

I married her off without any fuss,
And bought a cradle and a nurse

In the Strand, in the Strand;
I never repent me going out west,

For all the wives you get the best
In the Strand, in the Strand.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Clean your Boots

Clean your boots, sir, clean your boots,
Is now the London cry
Ve'll clean your boots upon your foots,
Be veather vet or dry.
A stunnin' go for seedy beau,
And peg top nobby swells
As Day and Martin meet the nose,
While each street coner tells—
That for a penny you may shine,
And cut a first class figure
To walk with Julia diwine—oh how diwine,
Blackened up like any nigger.

Spoken.—I'm the boy to annihilate your
bunions and make your corns red hot—burn 'em
up vith friction—that's a capital cure aint it, and
saves you a guinea vith the cheewopodist. Now
I don't vish to be personal, but if there's any of
you young swells here to night wots got bad corns
on your feet come to me—only a penny—and I'll

Clean your boots, sir, clean your boots,
Is now the London cry
Ve'll clean your boots, sir, clean your boots,
I'm ready standing by.

As down the Strand a gentle strayed,
In attitude diwine
In misty shade of tints vich fade,
And seedy "four and nine,"
I twigs ven near, his boots so queer
And collars him like bricks,
Vith "Clean your boots, sir?—heresir, here!"
Then up his foot he sticks,
I had a note from that here swell
To say he never look'd smarter
And that I had cleaned his boots so vell,
He had married the Ratcatchers daughter.

Spoken.—I don't mean the original Ratcatcher's
daughter wot I had the honor of introducing to the
noble British Public some years ago, this vos a
younger sister of her's. this vas—my eye, sich a
beauty—talk about 'eads of 'air—mine vos a fool
to her's mine vos (pulls off cap.) Vell I polished
up that chap till he vos so dazlin' that nobody
could see him, and he walked out of town once
unobserved by his numerous creditors. Now I
don't wish to be personal, but if there's any of
you young swells here to night vants to walk out
of town the same vay, come to me—only a penny
—and I'll

Clean your boots, sir, &c.

So all who get advanced by us,
And you must be a host
Pray write to us without a fuss,
Ve're always at the post;
And ven I takes my Sunday walk
Sweet Salt and I together,
Ve makes our love in gentle talk
'Bout blackin' and the veather;
Says I, "Black ball," no terrors raise
If clubs their fancy suits,
For my black ball, with splendors blaze
And cleans their delicate tiny boots.

Spoken.—Mine's the best blackin' in town, and
ven the swells comes out of the clubs, you know

they always says to me. "Vell day and Martin
how is you?" and I generally says to them.
"Pretty vell, thank you Varren. how's yerself?"
—then they has a pennoth of brilliancy, and my,
eve, don't the girls look at these boots—the 'als
always falls in love vith a feller's boots first of all
—that's vot they say at the clubs ye know. Now
I don't wish to be personal, but if there's any of
you young swells here to night wots got your
sweet earts vith you, and you wants 'em to be a
leetle fonder on you come to me—only a penny—
and I'll

Clean your boots, sir, &c.

Those coves whose glazy coats amaze,
That like sticking plaister
Leggin's they praise for rainy days,
For these they walk the faster
I'm thinkin' that their spicy hat,
Should also mount Japan
And then the folks that passed could say—
"He's quite a polish'd man,"
So if you'd leather up above
And leather on your feet,
And leather trowser, coat, and gloves,
For a penny I'd polish you all complete.

Spoken.—You should have seen one cove this
week—it vos pater I warnish. French polish, and
real black Japan, all in one—he looked so trans-
parent, you could have seed into his werry sole,
(soul), that is if his heel had'nt been in the vay,
and I hears that the Board of Vorks is goin' to
send for me shortly, to polish up the Dome of St.
Paul's, and that I'll perwidge the man in the moon
vith a lookin' glass ven he vants to shave himself.
Now I don't vish to be personal but if any of you
young swells wants to shave yourselves (and I
see a good deal of superfluous 'air about) and you
ain't got no lookin' glass come to me—only a
penny—and I'll

Clean your boots, sir, &c.

The doctor gets a larger fee,
The lawyers gains their suits
And swells so free their duns will see,
Ven I have clean'd their boots
The cabby's paid an extra fare,
And damsels look so sweet
At boots vhen pointed vith an air,
That I've brush'd up so neat
Thus love and lawyers aid my cause,
And bow to them I mean
And ask your smile and kind applause,
As thus I bow and your boots I clean,

Spoken.—There's von thing more I can do—I
can rub up the blue devils and make 'em look
pleasant. Now if there's any of you young
swells here to night, wots crossed in love or his
your uncle dead and ain't left you nothin', and
wot could make a feller more miserable and lemon-
choly. Mind I don't vish to be personal, but if
such is the case vith any on yer—why only come
to me—and I'll

Clean your boots, sir, Clean your boots,
Is now the London cry
Ve'll clean your boots upon your foots,
And now kind friends good bye.

THE BABY HOUSE.

A favorite Song, written by Richard Ryan Esq., and sung by Madame Vestris.

My father built a baby house,
To keep me from the men;
My mother made a window to it,
To see them now and then.
But sight was not enough for me,
I long'd for one within—
So Art one day contriv'd a way
To let a lover in!

My father, &c.

My father soon found out my tricks,
And hir'd with wond'rous care,
A brace of old Duennas rude,
To watch me every where.
But Love then lent my lover wings,
An entrance fleet to win—
He ran all round the baby house,
And stole me from within!

My father, &c.

Oh, were I in that baby house
I'd make a vow sincere—
No serenading lover should
My casement wander near;
No pretty little winning song,
Though Love should breathe the strain;
Should lure me from that baby house,
Or tempt me out again!

My father, &c.

THE LAMENT.

A popular song, written by Mr. Alfred Digges, and sung at the London Concerts.

Tune—The Sailor's Bride.

I saw my Helen's eye grow dim,
I mark'd her cheek grow pale—
I saw too that she wept for him,
Who did her fate bewail.
I heard her angel voice grow faint
And knew that Death was near,
To rob me of that gentle saint—
Her whom I held most dear!

The dreaded time too soon arriv'd—
I clasp'd her lifeless form;
She left the wretch who had surviv'd,
To brave alone life's storm.

I feel from hence I soon shall go,
And join my only love—
With joy I'll leave this world of woe,
To dwell with her above.

Yes, dearest! soon I'll be with thee,
Ne'er more—ne'er more to part;
Methinks that I already see
Death, with his welcome dart,
And when he strikes the friendly blow,
This world I'll bid adieu—
My bones shall lie with yours below,
My soul shall fly to you!

ROSE OF CASHMERE.

By the flower of the valley,
All-bending with dew.—
By the sweet water-lily
Of exquisite blue,—
By the bright sky above us,
All cloudless and clear,
I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet Rose of Cashmere.

Young Bella of Paradise,
Shadow of light
Sweet angel of brighter skies,
Blest being bright.
Oh, rest thee or roam,
Thou'lt ever be dear,
For I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet Rose of Cashmere.

By thy glossy black hair,
And thy bright beaming eyes,
By the bloom on thy cheeks,
Which the roses outvie,—
By the footstep of lightness
That mocks the wild deer.
I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet Rose of Cashmere.

BILLY TAYLOR.

BILLY TAYLOR was a gay young feller,
Very full of mirth, and very full of glee;
And his mind he did discover
Unto a damsel fair and free.
Tiddy, iddy, iddy, ol, tol, tido.

Four-and-twenty stout young fella,
(Clad they were in blue array),
Came and press'd young Billy Taylor,
And forthwith sent him to sea,
Tiddy, iddy &c.

Soon his true love follow'd after,
Under the name of Richard Carr;
And her lily-white hands she daubed all over
With the nasty pitch and tar.

Tiddy, iddy, &c.

Then they came to the first engagement,
Bold she fought among the rest;
Until a cannon-ball did cut her jacket open,
And diskivered her lily-white breast.

Tiddy, iddy, &c.

When the captain comed for to hear on't
Says he, "What vind has blown you here?"
Says she, "I come for to seek for my true love
Whom you press'd, and I love so dear."

Tiddy, iddy, &c.

"If you come for to seek for your true love,
Tell unto me his name, I pray"
"His name kind sir, is Billy Taylor,
Whom you press'd, and sent to sea."

Tiddy, iddy, &c.

If his name is Billy Taylor,
He is both cruel and severe;
For, rise up early in the morning,
And you'll see him with a lady fair."

Tiddy, iddy, &c.

With that, she rose up in the morning
Early, by the break of day;
And she met her Billy Taylor,
Talking with a lady gay.

Tiddy, iddy, &c.

Forthwith she called for sword and pistol,
Which did come at her command;
And she shot her Billy Taylor,
With his fair one in his hand.

Tiddy, iddy, &c.

Then the captain comed for to hear on't,
He werry much applauded her for what
she had done;
And quickly he made her the first lieu-

tenant

Of the gallant "Thunder Bomb"

Tiddy, iddy, &c.

THE CHUMMY'S WEDDING.

If you listen to me, I'll sing of a spree
Which happened a week or two back,
Concerning a gal, named varratty Sal,
And a chummy called bandy-legged Jack.

The parish began to find out
She brought em too many to keep
So agreed to come down with four or five
pounds,
To portion her off to a sweep.

Tol, lol, &c.

To have a grand rout Jack toddled about,
And invited the whole of his pals;
He made it all right for a fiddle at night,
Cause he knew ther'd be plenty of gals.
He provided plenty of grub,
With gatter and max beside;
And chaunting Bill, of Saffron Hill,
Agreed to stand dad to the bride.

At last, came the day, they were drest out
so gay,
Jack sported his velveteens;
Sal borrowed a dress that was worn by fat
Bess.
When she capered to Jack on the green
The clergyman joined their hands,
And made only one of them both;
He settled the job without charging a bob,
'Cause he saw he was one of the cloth!

Then homeward they went, on punishment
bent,
And swore they'd pitch into the grub;
There was lots of scran in a large brown pan,
And leg of beef soup in a tub!

Jack praised the cuttings of tripe
While shoving it into his croop,
And all swore, to a man, that as how Mr. Can
Never made such a kettle of soup.

The dinner being done, the lushing began,
Gin went round, north, east, west, and
south;

No glasses they'd got, so they swigged from
the pot,

And they took it by word of mouth.
The fiddler struck up for a hop,

While seated atop of the trunk;
But not one of the batch could come up to
the scratch,
They were all so infernally drunk.

At last the lot so lussy had got,
They neither could stand nor go;

The women did howl, the men they did growl
It was just like a wild beast show.

And Jack could'nt put them to bed,
'Cause the devil a one he had got,

So they rolled off in pairs, down the dark
cellar stairs.

And wallowed all night in the soot.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

NELLY WAS A LADY.

Down on the Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabel an de way;
All night de cotton wood a-totting,
Sing for my true lub all de way.

Chorus--Nelly was a lady--
Last night she died;
Toll de bell for lubly Nell.
My dark Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping,
Can't tote de cotton wood no more,
Seem'd like white Nelly was a-sleeping,
Death came a knockin' at de doors.

Close by de margin ob de water,
Whar de lone weeping willow grows,
Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter,
Dar she in death may find repose.

When I saw my Nelly in de morning,
Smile till she open'd up her eyes,
Seem'd like de light ob day a dawning,
Jist 'fore de sun begin to rise.

Down in de meadow 'mong de clober,
Walk wid my Nelly by my side;
Now all dem happy days are ober,
Farewell my dark Virginny bride.

MOLLY THE BETRAYED.

A sequel to the Cruel Ship's Carpenter.

In a kitchen in Portsmouth, a fair maid did dwell,
For grammer and graces none could her excel,
Young Villiam he courted her to be his dear,
And he by his trade was a ship's carpentier.
Singing doddle, doddle, chop, chum, chow,
Choral li la.

Now it chanc'd that von day ven her vages
vos paid,
Young Villiam walk'd with her, and thus to
her said,
More lovely are you than the ship on the sea,
Then she nugg'd him and laugh'd, and said
'Fiddle de dee.'

Then he led her o'er hills, and down walleys
so deep,
At length this fair damsel began for to weep;
Saying, 'I fancy sweet Villiam you've brought
me this way,
On porpos m hyunnercent life to betray.

He said 'that is true, and we've no time to
stand,
And immediately took a sharp knife in his
hand,
Be pierc'd her best gown till the blood it did
flow,
And into the grave her fair body did throw.

That night as asleep in his hammock he lay,
He fancied he heard some sperrit to say,

'Oh, wake up young Villiam and listen to
hear,
The voice of your Molly vot lov'd you so
dear.

Your ship bound from Portsmouth it never
shall go,
Till I am rewenged for my sad overthrow.
The anchor is veigh'd the vind's fair and
strong,
But all is in vain for your ship shan't go on.

Then up come the captain with unfurl every
sail!
He guv'd his command, but all no avail.
A mist on the heaven arose all around,
And no way to move this fine ship could be
found.

Then he calls up his men, with a shout and a
whoop,
And he orders young Villiam to stand on the
poop,
'There's summut not right, says he 'mongst
this ere crew,
And I'm blowed if I don't think
young Villiam it's you.

Then Villiam turned red and then vite and
then green,
Vile Molly's pale ghost at his side it vos seen
Her buzzom vos vite and the blood it vos
red,—
She spoke not but wanish'd,—and that's all
she said!

MORAL.

Now all servant gals who my story does hear,
Just remember poor Molly and her ship's
carpentier;
If your sweethearts they axes you vith them
to roam,
Just be careful and leave all your vages at
home.

GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART!

GOOD BYE!

The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking,
The dew drops pearl each bud and leaf,
And I from thee my leave am taking,
With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief,
How sinks my heart with fond alarms,
The tear is 'biding in mine eye,
For time doth thrust me from thine arms.
Good bye, sweetheart! good bye! good bye!

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,
Loud swells the song of chanticleer,
The Lev'ret bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,
Yet I am here! yet I am here!
For since night's gems from heaven did fade,
And morn to floral lips doth hide,
I could not leave thee, though I said
Goodbye, sweetheart gob lod, b, e!

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

Sung by Mr. J. Sharpe and J. Henry.
Music, Sheppard, Newgate-st.

CHANT.

Once upon a time, for so runs my rhyme,
Which for place in the Island of Cor-
sica we pitch,
There were two twin brothers extremely
like each other,
Indeed, both were so like t'other you
could'nt tell neither from which.
And 'tis also a strange fact, these brothers
had also made a compact,
One was called Fabian, t'other Louis
by name),
That one should come to the other, if any
thing happened, and say brother, 'I'm
killed, avenge me!
And the other was obliged to do the
same.
Their fraternal sympathy was such, and
I'm not saying too much,
And I could bring instances to prove
it if I please,
That though one was in Paris a Lawyer,
And t'other in Corsica a top-sawyer
Still, if you had given Monsieur Louis a
pinch of bad snuff,
Or any other stuff, at which he might
have taken huff,
Monsieur Fabian so bluff, amid the moun-
tains of Corsica so rough,
Five hundred miles away from him,
would have sneezed.
'Twas on a windy morning, while talking
of a ride,
Monsieur Fabian in Corsica, a stich felt
in his side;
Oh, oh! said he my brother, though you're
in Paris now,
There's some thing wrong, and I feel ere
long you'll be in a jolly row.
This happened in Cor-si-ca,
Where they're famed for the Ven-det-ta;
You'll scarcely believe in such brotherly
feeling,
But it happened in Corsica.
Monsieur Fabian sat himself down to
write—
Ri tol de riddle lol de ray—said he,
About Louis I feel uneasy, quite—
Ri tol de riddle lol de ray—
The candles began to look quite blue,
His brother's ghost came behind the
chair, and said b-o-o-e.

I'm killed, so I've called to mention it
to you—
Ri tol de riddle lol de ray, oh, ri tol
de riddle lol de ray!
Then Monsieur Fabian hardly believed
his senses, his'n,
Looked to his brother's ghost, beheld a
vision.
One, Chateau Renand, had a bit of bob-
bery,
About a lady going to a masquerade,
Said Chateau to young Louis, if you don't
mean to act snobbily,
Why fight me, 'twill delight me, sir.
Young Louis said, they went to the wood
at Fontainbleu,
Crossed swords, they both fought very
well;
Chateau Renand was a crack fencer,
And very soon young Louis fell—
Close by a tree, gave one last groan—
Would have given just another, oh!
But before he could—
His soul had fled to tell it to his brother,
oh!
Pack my carpet bag, I'm going to Paris,
mother,
To challenge the blackguard that killed
my brother.
I can fight wrong to right him;
I'll stick like a brick, I shall know him
when I see him as sure as a gun.
They met, 'twas in the wood;
Chateau Renand flew to shun him,
That is he would, if he could,
But his eye was upon him;
You take me for a ghost,
But I tell you, you are wrong, sir;
Of your time pray make the most,
For you'll not live very long, sir.
Don't ope at me your jaws,
Or strive your fears to smother O!
Thou hast been the cause of this row—
Oh, my brother,
With your tierce and your crate, Sa, sa,
Now our swords both broken are, ha, ha,
Pick that up, we'll fight as we are, oh, la!
And I'll soon start you off for Gravesend
The fight soon was o'er, Chateau Renand
fell dead,
And Fabian with fighting his strength
had nigh sped,
When the ghost of his brother rose up from
the tree,
Saying, Brother, you've licked him, I
thank you for me!—Saying, brother,
you've licked him, I thank you for me.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Oh, Britannia! the Pride of the Ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each Patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee.
At thy mandate, heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When born by the red, white, and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia, rode safe through the storm;
With her garland of Victory round her,
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim,
May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But still to her colours prove true,
The Army and Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

Upon the tented field, a minstrel knight,
Bearing his standard, lovely watch is keeping,
And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, and sings while all are sleeping
"The lady of my love I will not name,
Altho' I wear her colours as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken."

The night is past, the conflict comes with dawn,
The minstrel knight is seen each foe defying;
While death and carnage onward still are borne,
His song is heard 'mid thousands round him dying.

"The lady of my love I will not name,
Altho' I wear her colours as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken."

Stern Death, now sated, quits the gory plain;
The life-blood from the warrior hardiest streams,
Still on his flag he rests his head with pain,
And faintly sings, his eye with fervour beaming,
"The lady of my love I will not name,
I still preserve her colours as a token,
I fought and fell for liberty and fame,
And never has my knightly vow been broken."

THE HAPPY DAYS OF YORE.

My heart is gladly beating, as I tread the scene
once more,
Where boyhood gaily revell'd, in the happy days
of yore:
And I greet the zephyr's melody, that round me
sweetly plays,
For its tune is still as joyous, as it was in childhood's
days.

The fragrant breath of summer, would fan the
boyish brow,
That once so fair, by cruel care, is sadly altered now,
For the glossy raven tresses in which that brow
was nestled,
Have faded 'neath the hand of time into a snowy
crest.

The green and waving meadow, the bed of fragrant
thyme,
The flowers fair all seem to wear the dress of
olden time;

The wavelets on the river, still seek their sunny
track,
And vanish like the golden hopes, that never can
come back.

MINNIE MOORE.

In last night's dream I saw again
Sweet faces I adore,
'Mid others, was an old schoolmate—
Dear, gentle Minnie Moore.
And glided o'er my dreaming mind
Not only those I know,
But memories of so many scenes,
All linked with Minnie too.
A thousand thoughts of childhood's days,
Of innocence and glee
For I was all the world to her,
And she the world to me.

How oft, when on our way to school,
We'd stray beside the brook,
And gathering wild flowers by their side,
We'd quite forget our books,
And trifle half the day away,
In some old mossy dell;
And, going home at night, I'd coax
Dear Minnie not to tell.
Such memories are by far more dear
Than wealth of classic lore,
Unfolding thoughts of sunny hours,
Of youth and Minnie Moore.

OH! HAD I BUT ALADDIN'S LAMP.

Oh! had I but Aladdin's lamp,
If only for a day,
I'd try and find a link to bind
The joys that pass away.
I'd try to bring an angel's wing
Upon this earth again,
And build true worth a home on earth
A home beloved by men.
It should be May, and always May;
I'd wreath the world with flowers,
I'd robe the barren wilderness,
And bring life happy hours.

I'd soothe the lorn and desolate;
Increase the widows store,
And industry should wear a smile
It never wore before.
Where'er there dwelt unhappiness,
I'd use my magic sway,
And none should be in poverty
Or dread the coming day.
It should be May, and

EIGHT HOURS AT THE SEA SIDE.

New Comic Song—by J. A. Hardwick.

Air—Such a Nice Young Girl.

"Eight hours at the sea-side," had been so advertised,
I thought that I would try it—why was I thus advised?
I lost myself, I lost myself, as you shall quickly hear,
No more the briny ocean, will this child go near.
Ri tol di rol al, looray lay, &c.

I made my mind up one fine morn, to see, d'y see, the sea,
And put a tenner and some change, in my portemonie.
I shook hands with myself, and sung a verse of—
"I'm afloat,"
Then cubbed it to the station with a moss-rose in my coat.

Off we travelled to the coast, by the south-Eastern rail,
But didn't get far before we were run into by the mail.
I, fortunately, escaped life, but ere I reached the sea,
Some Railway card sharpers, contrived to nicely swindle me.

The first of the Eight hours there, was thunder, hail and rain,
The second hour was occupied in washing it fair again:
The third, a pound, and nothing won, I lost in the Bazaar,
Then rambled to the sea-side down to smell the pitch and tar.

A pitchy—tarry sailor winked at me, and to me said—
"D'y want a drop o'stuff, young gent, what's never duty paid?"
Of course I did, and dropped a crown into his horny hands;
And the fourth hour—flat upon my back I lay upon the sands.

A fortune telling gypsy woke me from my slumbering state,
And gammoned me to cross her palm and know my future fate.
With that pitchy-tarry sailor's grog my head it still did ache—
That muzzy, a sovereign I gave for a shilling in mistake.

Five hours had gone, thinks I, I'll take a bathe upon the cheap;
I left my new suit on the beach and dived into the deep.
Alas! when I returned to land, some knave had changed my clothes—
And the sixth hour, very sad I spent bewailing of my woes.

Old canvass pants and Gurnsey shirt, that stink of fish and brine,
That pitchy-tarry sailor chap had left in place of mine.

I knew them well, he'd followed me and watched me in the sea,
And not another rag or mag the villain had left me.

Of the Eight hours at the sea side but only two were left,
I could but spend them dolefully of every thing bereft.
The only thing which I could do, was sneak into the town,
Fell my case, and write to friends at home to send my ransom down.

Before it came the people all looked on me with suspicion,
In fact, began to hint, it was a case of imposition.
Now that pitchy-tarry sailor man, oft in my dreams I see,
Eight hours at the sea-side again will do no more for me—
Will never do for me.
Ri tol di rol, &c.

BILLY BARLOW.

New Version, by J. A. Hardwick.

Some traducers have said, Billy Barlow's gone dead
But to prove it's more tother, I here show my head;
And now, my opinions of things you shall know
For alive, and still kicking is Billy Barlow.
Oh, dear, let the universe know—
That the real "Punch" of England is Billy Barlow.

At things as they turn up I must have a slap,
At humbugs and swindles, Lord Pam, and Louis Nap;
The ladies' queer fashions, what up, and down go,
And politics, it's all one to Billy Barlow.
Oh, dear, if I wasn't to show
'Em up, how they'd guy us—knows Billy Barlow.

After sixteen good years of his life he had lost,
Out of kindness, they say, they let of Mr. Frost.
But pickles! they're frightened to come it too strong,
For all Europe will rise up, they know before long
Oh dear! then down, down below
A few tyrants will go—thinks Billy Barlow.

In Marrowbone Workhouse, oh! yes, Marrow-bones.

They get a good deal of the paupers they owns.
They gets more ha'pence, and looks werry thin,
And the only w(h)eal they get is outside—not in.
Oh, dear—hogging Beadies should go,
Who lash girls to the mill, says Billy Barlow.

Little Louis Blanc beards the great! Louis of France,
And Napoleon, to beat him, he can't get a chance.
The horrors of Cayenne, the world, all must know,
And it's victims be rescued—says Billy Barlow.
Oh dear, why it makes the blood glow,
At such tortures, of every poor Billy Barlow.

Here's your fashions for ladies—the feminine
Spoons!
Hats—like gig umbrellas—crinoline like balloons
They all look, with inflation, behind and before,
As if they were going to fall into the straw.
Oh dear! how they manage to go
Down narrow street at all—wonders Billy
Barlow.

What the Queen of Oude's come over here for
d'y'e know?
Well, I'll tell you a secret, but don't let it blow,
To regain her son's kingdom!—all pickles, oh oh.
She's come to seduce virtuous Billy Barlow.
Oh dear! her face she won't show
To one single male—but Billy Barlow.

As soon as Miss Nightingale came over here,
She called to see me, and says—Billy, my dear,
Will you take me for better or worse? Says I, no,
Miss Burdett Coutts courting is Billy Bar-
low.
Oh dear! much obliged, but I know
She's got more tin than you have—knows
Billy Barlow.

Well, banking's a very fine spree now-a-days,
No doubt the directors it very well pays.
The Royal British Bank went to smash at one
blow,
And out of some thousands choused Billy Barlow.
Oh dear! my friends you must know,
Very rich though he seems poor—is Billy
Barlow.

What with poisoning, murders and robberies, now
We're getting along to the good time coming some
how.
But if to secretly poison so much they contrive,
When it does come there won't be no people alive
Oh dear! no kind friend shall go
Ensuring the life of famed Billy Barlow.

Oh, they kicked up a rare shine in Spain tother
day,
And telegraphed me to step over that way.
To put down the row, which I easy could do,
But my dear honoured public, I couldn't leave you
Oh dear! what—leave you—no, no,
Your most faithful servant is Mr. Barlow.

I must go—for I've never been well since I dined
As they called it, with the Guards, but small grub
we did find.

Oh, what humbugging meanness—a dinner we'd
a-got,
Much better for tuppence, at Worrall's soup shop.
Oh dear! better blow-out I know
They gives them in unions, says Billy Barlow

BY JULIA'S CASEMENT WARBLING BIRD.

GLEE.

By L. M. Thornton.

By Julia's casement warbling bird,
At balmy morn and close of day,
Oh, let thy plaintive notes be heard,
And carol all my heart would say.

Then back to this lone breast return,
Sweet consolation in thy strain;
Say but my suit she will not spurn,
And hope shall blossom forth again.

ROMFORD BREWERY SONG.

Composed and sung by one of the draymen.

Ind and Coope's strong beer your hearts will
cheer,
And put you in good condition;
And the man that will but drink his fill—
Have need of no physician.
'Twill fill his veins—exalt his brains,
And drive out melancholy;
Thus a man with pence and common sense,
May soon get fat and jolly.

WILL YOU TRUST ME THEN AS NOW?

By L. M. Thornton.

Alr—Will you love then as now?

While I'm standing by your counter
With the ready in my fist;
As I take the goods I'm needing,
On my friendship you insist.
Say you'll book me by the quarter;
Place the chair, and give the bow;
But my circumstances changing—
Will you trust me then as now?

When my pockets once so bulky,
Hang as loose as loose can be,
And the outward man all over
Shows the weight of poverty.
When a change is o'er me stealing,
While no change you take—I vow—
Will you still remain unchanging—
Will you trust me then as now?

TOPSY'S SONG.

Words by C. Jeffreys. Music by S. Glover.

I'm but a little nigga gal,
As black as black can be!
You know I can't lub nobody,
'Cos nobody lubs me.
Dey used to whip me long ago
And den I wish to die—
I spects I donno how to lub,
And dat's de reason why.

New what's de use for sich as me
Ob trying to be good?
If you could wash de black-a-moor
Quite white, may be I would.
Miss Feely preachee talk all day.
She says me tell big lie—
No good for me to speak de truth
And dat's de reason why